

## **Muscle Spasms Saved Me!**

Hi, I am new to this church but have been a Christian for quite a few years. I suffer from anxiety and depression. I have tried to commit suicide twice and have thought about it many times; the anxiety just takes over and runs right in my head of all the possibilities and their outcomes. A lot of them are very negative. In March 2011 I was in a very bad way, the anxiety hits hard and fast, and I tried phoning the mental health crisis team and could not get them so I tried Lifeline and could not get them either. By then I was so worked up I walked out the door to go for a swim at Orewa Beach as I don't live far from it. I walked down the hill and got to the middle of the Orewa estuary bridge and my calf muscles got into spasms and I couldn't walk, so I leaned against the railings and watched the fish under the street lights as it was 1am. I was only dressed in my pink dressing gown as I did not need anything else for the swim I was going for as I would not be returning. I realised that if I couldn't make it to the beach maybe I should try and get back home. As I turned to go a car crossed the centre line and put its red and blue lights on. I was in trouble; I was crying my eyes out. The officer wanted to know what I was doing and I couldn't tell him. He managed to get me into the car and said he would get the crisis team down to assess me. They came down and one of the nurses had had dealings with me before so I had a face I knew. They took me home and the next day took me to Rodney Mental Health and I saw a doctor; they recommended respite care. I was taken to be very beautiful house in Warkworth run by a Christian couple. I was there for a week and a half before being allowed me to go home. The home-based team would phone or come and see me every day for the next three weeks. It wasn't until I was able to think rationally again that I realised that I had never had muscle spasms in my calf muscles before or since and I believe that God did not want me to get to the beach that night. I didn't really want to die but that is one of the effects that I have when the anxiety over runs me as it has a self-destruct thought pattern to it which I can't control. I praise God for the help He got me that night and that I am now in a church where I feel at home and at peace with God, a place I can truly worship Him and cry in joy because of the hope He has given me.